

[Extra Comment on the Life of Ovide Morin]

Please submit both English and French text when collecting French-Canadian material that is in original French.

ORIGINAL MSS. OR FIELD NOTES (Check one)

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(Maine)

TITLE Ovide Morin (French songs)

WRITER Robert Grady

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SOURCES GIVEN (?) Interview

COMMENTS

1

EXTRA COMMENT ON THE LIFE OF OVIDE MORIN

Several days ago I let Mrs. Morin take a book of famous Canadian folk songs, Chantez La Bonne Chanson, by Charles Emile Gadbois, ptre. This work, first of a series of books to be brought out, was produced and illustrated entirely by Father Gadbois. The book is the property of Father Oullette of Old Town. It bears the imprint of no publisher and was intended, I think, only for private distribution. When I went over to get the book I asked Mrs. Morin if she had ever heard any of the songs. She said the girls had played and

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sang all of them, but she couldn't remember ever having heard any of them before. Mr. Morin hadn't either. However Mrs. Morin was born in Old Town and never actually lived in Canada. Mr. Morin was born in Quebec, but left there when a young man. He lived in a small, isolated village and his folks were so poor that none of them acquired a musical education. Maybe the Canadian folk songs were not very well known except in the larger cities among members of the upper middle classes.

Mrs. Morin said that the song she liked in the book is Evangeline. A Soupe aux Pois, she said, was "not so hot." Both of these songs are enclosed.

Mrs. Morin said she liked to listen to songs sung in French, and that they were often sang in that language over the Canadian radio stations. These stations, however, she said, didn't come in well on her radio.

2

"The cellar under one part of this house," she said, "was cut out of rock, and I think all that rock under there affects the radio. I'm going to try moving that machine back to the kitchen and see if there is any improvement. Mr. Martin, over here, has the same make of radio as mine and he gets the Canadian stations very well. One night when I couldn't get Montreal, it came in good over there. I know it did, for I went over. We ought to get those stations better than he does for although his machine is the same make as this one, it is a different model. That machine cost only \$100.00, but this machine cost \$400.00. It is one my son Edmond gave me. I told him that when he got married he could have that back and I would get a smaller one." (The fact that Edmond was able to give his mother a \$400.00 radio illustrates how conditions, for this particular family, have changed during a generation.)

"Radio is a wonderful thing, and television will make it even better. It will be fine to see the singers as well as hear them."

(Mr. Morin was out when I paid the unexpected call, but returned as I was preparing to leave. His daughter, Florence, came down from upstairs while her mother and I were

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talking and joined in the conversation. Miss Morin, who is about twenty, is very well bred and extremely good looking. When Mr. Morin came in he asked me again how much I would take for the boy who was with me. In that way the talk got around to adoption in general. Mrs. Morin said that during the first years of their married life there was a couple in Old Town who had no children and who wanted to adopt one of the Morin children.)

3

"They had plenty of money," she said, "and although we could have used more at that time, our children always had enough to eat and clothes to wear. I couldn't think of letting any one else bring up one of my children. Those people finally adopted a child who was brought here with some others from an orphan asylum. Foster parents were found for those little ones by the priest. We were down in Searsport last summer on a motor trip and we called on that woman (who adopted the child). She told me what a fine young woman their child grew up to be and how much they thought of her, but I don't believe a person can love another's child as they do their own."

(We talked quite a while over there - although I had intended to stay only a few moments - but the conversation for the most part was in the nature of small town gossip, without value so far as the work was concerned.)

1A

A SOUPE AUX POIS.

Par Albert Larrieu.

(Droits reserves par Ed. Archambault pour la musique.) (1) Sur les bords du Saint Francois, Jadis qu'il pleuve ou qu'il vente, J'allais jouer dans les bois, Jusqu'au soir a la brunante! Au retour, mere an emoi, me grondait, mais sans colere, Puis me disait: "Petit Pierre, Viens manger ta soups aux pois!" (Chorus) Venez garcons et filles, Manger la soupe aux pois, Ca se mange on famille, Pres du grande fou de bois! Ca se mange en famille, La bonne soupe aux pois, La bonne soupe aux pois! (2) Bientot je devins l'epoux,

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D'un fillette au coure sage Grace a ses jolis yeux doux J'avais du coeur a l'ouvrage! Le soir je quittai lo bois Pour regagner ma dameure, Je trouvais toujoure a l'heure Mon grand bol do soupe aux pois! (Choeur)

2A

(3) Voila mes chavoux tout blancs Et ma tache est torminee; C'est au tour de mes enfants De prendre enfin la cognee! Ils feront tous comme moi; Pour pouvoir mieux se defendre Ils n'auront pas peur de prendre Leur plein bol de soupe aux pois! (Choeur). (4) Notre bon Pere Eternel Mr. laissera, j'aime a croire, Tout de suite entrer au Ciel, Sans passer au Purgatoire! s'il le permet, quelque fois, Je lui demanderai meme Comme une faveur supreme, Un p'tit peu de soupe aux pois! (Choeur).

1B

EVANGELINE.

Par A. T. Bourque.

(Aec la bienveillante autorisation de la societe L'Assomption, Moncton, N. B. tous droits reserves - Copyright.) Je l'avais oru ce reve du jeune age, Qui souniant m'an non cait le bonhour Et confianto en cet heureux presage, Mes jeunes ans s'ecoulaient sans douleur Il est si doux, au printemps de la vie d'aimer d'amour les amis de son couer, De vivre heureux au sein de la Patnie Loin du danger a l'abni du malheur. (bis). Choeur. Evangeline, Evangeline, teut chante ici ton noble nom, Dans le vallon sur la colne, L'echo repete et nous repond: Evangeline, Evangeline. (2) Qu'ils etaient beaux, ces jours de notre enfance Cher ganriel, au pays de Grande - Pre. Car la regnaient la paix et l'innocence, Le tendre amour et la franche gaité; Ou'ils etaient doux, le soir sous la charmille, Les entretiens du village assemble! Comme on s'aimait! Quelle aimable famille On y formait sous ce ciel adore. (bis).

2B

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(3) La les anciens, devisant du menage, Avec amour contemplaient leurs enfants Qui reveillaient les echos du village Par leurs refrains et leurs amusements. La vie alors coulait douce et paisible Au vieux Grande - Pre, dans notre cher pays Lorsque soudain, notre ennemi terrible Nous alreuva de malheurs inouis. (bis). (4) Helas! depuis sur la terre etrangere J'erre toujours en proie a la douleur Car le destin dans sa sombre colere M'a tout ravi, mes amis, mon bonheur. Je ne vois plus l'ami de mon enfance A qui j'avais jure mon tendre amour, Mais dans mon coeur je garde l'esperance De le revoir dans un meilleur se jour. (bis).